

Camp near R. July 10th 1862.

Dear Uncle:-

It has not been for a want of desire that I have not written to you before this, but because I have had no opportunity. The short and brilliant campaign commenced on the 31st of June is over, we having driven the boastful enemy from before our Capital several miles down the James, where he now lies protected by his large fleet of gunboats. We returned to our old Camps this morning, and although perfectly exhausted, I have not allowed myself a moment's rest before commencing this letter. To day, I am sick at heart grievous over the loss of our gallant dead. No one, since the commencement of our struggle for independence, has fallen, who deserves the meed of praise, more than our loss'd Henry. He was of all boys, the noblest that I ever saw, & to say that I loved him, as I should your son is not sufficient, for I ever

felt towards him as if he were my own brother, and have carefully looked over him since he entered my ranks.

He was a noble, good boy, and one of the most gallant soldiers that ever lived. Ever buoyant & hopeful, he inspired the same feelings in others.

I was acting as aid to Col. Colquitt throughout the march, and noticed how lively he was just before we got to the bloody battle field of Gaines' Mills. I did think I, as we moved into the fight, that the youth I loved & admired so much, would be among the list of killed that night. He was noticed by all for the gallant manner in which he was fighting, and when I heard that he had received a slight wound in the hand and had left the field, I congratulated myself on account of his escaping so luckily. We were all mistaken however, for as he went to lean a fatal ball pierced his heart. He called for me & then died without a groan. He did not know that he was

Fred died here - no living man saw him die or heard a groan - Kit

dead until we went to gather up the wounded, and had to hurry him when he fought so gallantly. Not only was my man of the Company but the officers & men of the Regiment grieved his death. All spoke of the high hopes that they had of his future.

But he is gone, and we should try to console ourselves by knowing that his loss is his gain, and that he is now enjoying that sweet quiet from which he will never be disturbed by the rude clamor of war. Henry always resisted the temptations of the camp as a true Christian. God has taken him from you my dear Aunt & Uncle, and let us try to submit ourselves to His will. I sympathize with you in your affliction much more than I am able to express on this sheet, and pray that that our heavenly Father may temper the affliction as much as possible. He died the death of a brave & good soldier of the Confederacy. The loss is filled and

wounded in our Regiment in the battles
since the 26th is over two hundred.
I escaped with only a bruise on
my thigh which lamed me for
three or four days. My escape was mi-
raculous for in every fight, I was
unnecessary exposed. I hope that
I can in an acceptable manner
thank my God that He has thus
far, spared me through so much
danger. Christopher escaped
unhurt; he acted very bravely, &
in the fight of the 1st July had his
gun torn to pieces by a grape shot.
You will have to send me a power of
Attorney to draw the balance of
pay due Henry. The Government owes
him for four months service. I have
forty dollars of his money, but will
wait to hear from you before sending
it. I feel my responsibility ~~now~~ very much
now, as the command of the Co. devolves
upon me. Give much love to Aunt C.
and the children & rest assured that
that you all have my most heartfelt sym-
pathies. I am as ever your
Aff. Nephew J. D. Whiting.

Please to send the balance of the pay due to me